

THE LIBERATOR.
No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 11, 1853.

After reading the impressive and eloquent speeches which occupy our first page, the following veracious sketch of the late anniversary in this city, from that special organ of Pandemonium, and zealous defender of the American Church, *Bennett's Herald*, will be found singularly edifying and remarkably characteristic—

THE ABOLITION FANATISM OF MASSACHUSETTS—A DESPERATE GAME.—From the proceedings of the late Abolition Convention held in Boston, which we published Monday, our readers will have discovered the desperate straits to which the rabid fanatics of the Lloyd Garrison school have been driven. Their platform has been reduced to two planks—hostility to Christianity and the Bible, and all possible assistance, in violation of the laws, to the escape of fugitive slaves.

But to such rabid excess have these crazy wretches carried their impotent malignity, that they have tabooed John P. Hale, because he was charged with being in favor of the erection of a monument to Henry Clay—they denounce Charles Sumner as being too amiable among the slaveholders of the United States Senate; and they repudiate all those faithless abolitionists who were weak enough to join in any of the public manifestations of regret for the death of David Webster. More than this—they are determined to strike at the very root of the evil. They have determined to abolish the churches of all denominations—to abolish the Bible—to abolish the principles of Christianity in which it inculcates; and to establish a new code of morals and religion, which shall recognize the entire exortines of slavery, and the duty of all men and all women of the North to rally to the extermination of it by fire and sword.

When this is accomplished, we presume the Southern States will be erected into an independent African empire, like that of Hayti, with the complete recognition of the Abby Folsom doctrines of amalgamation and woman's rights, in the South and in the North. Such is the drift of the disgusting proceedings of the recent atrocious assemblage of crazy old women and desperate, disappointed abolition demagogues at Boston.

The convention—a sort of annual summing up of the various abolition orgies of the year—stands adjourned for a twomonth. It is manifest they are doing a losing business. Even in Massachusetts such miserable creatures as have figured for a dozen years past at these abolition conventicles, are beginning to be regarded, at least in the aggregate, as a public nuisance. The deluded victim of Garrison & Co., who have been supplying their funds from year to year, no doubt suspect at last that it does not pay, at the price, to support such follows for nothing, in exchange, but wind, filthy speeches, and the most bold-faced hypocrisy and humbug. Let their supplies be stopped altogether, and let them go to some honest calling. We trust that this will be the end of their abolition trickery and thumb-rigging.

The abolitionists who met at the Melodeon have got through and adjourned. I dropped in again on Friday, and heard an English gentleman named Lowe, a few minutes. In the course of his remarks, he came down upon Meagher, the Irish orator, for what I could not very well understand.—He clasped him with Kossuth and Father Matthew, each having yielded to the influence of slavery. The most ridiculous thing about these anti-slavery orators of the Garrison School (to use a convenient designation) is their determination that every man who professes to be a hater of oppression, shall join their snug little circle, at the Convention and Bazaar, recognize them as the only abolitionists in the land, and pay appropriate homage to them in that capacity, be flattered by them in return, (and this, by the way, is most important of all,) or else be classed as chief among the worst oppressors in the land. The same squad gets together, year after year, and votes to dissolve the Union. Their operations in this line remind me of the man who left in his will five pounds to pay off the English National Debt. Every emigrant ship which arrives at New York, every day's *tariffs* throughout the country, brings more friends of the Union than this whole crew of Union dissolvers. They keep their own Union inviolate. Garrison, the shrew, persistent follower of his glorious idea; Phillips, the eloquent orator, who might be—oh, such a splendid politician!—Pillsbury, the indefatigable traveller and worker, the every-day son of a man who has the most forcible way of talking of any in the whole lot, to my liking—Foster, an ass and a humbug; Parker, who likes to go and make speeches, but has too much common sense to follow off the vagaries of the others; Quincy, the elegant writer, the Bear Brunnel of Reform, and Burleigh, who can prove by irrefutable logic that two and two are not four—all these people meet together, year after year, to make themselves happy by puffing each other, and miserably by abusing every body else. I admire to hear them, and have no doubt whatever that they have done more than any other equal number of men towards hastening the abolition of slavery, but don't accede to their claim that they have done *all*, or that nobody else can do anything.—*Boston Correspondent of the Lowell (Free Soil) American.*

The following is from a dirty pro-slavery, rancid and rowdy organ, called the *Syracuse Star*.

ANOTHER RESCUE.

A gentleman from Fulton infers us that that village was the theatre of quite an exciting time, to say the least, on Sunday evening last. The story is as follows:—Rev. Mr. King, pastor of a regular Wesleyan Methodist, Abolition, Amalgamation Church at Fulton, has an interesting and quite pretty daughter, whom, for some three or four years past, he has kept at school at that pink of a "nigger" Institution, called the McGrawville College, located south of us in Cortland County. While there, it seems that a certain genuine negro connected with the Institution, called Professor Allen, (Professor Allen! Bah!) and herself became enamored of each other, and thereupon entered into the requisite stipulations and agreements to constitute what is known to those interested in such matters as "an engagement" to be married. A little time since, the damsel went home to her amalgamation-preaching parents, and made known the arrangements whereby their lovely daughter expected soon to be folded in the hymenean arms of anti-slavery Sambo.

The parents remonstrated and begged, and got the brothers and sisters to interpose, but all to no effect. The blooming damsel was determined to partake of the "bed and board," and inhale the rich odors, refreshing perfumes, and reviving fragrance, which McGrawville College teaching had pictured to her in her life-like eloquence; and more than this, she would not remain in membership with the denomination that preaches but declines to practice, and sent in her resignation in due form of law.

Wherupon down from McGrawville comes the blushing Allen, all decked in wedding garb, and on Sunday morn he half woke from ponderous sleep, and thought he heard playing on the air such sweet music.

"As are these dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage."

But evening came, and, as the anxious couple could not have the nuptial rites celebrated under the Reverend father's roof, they withdrew to Phillips' tavern on the west side of the river, and made preparations for the ceremonies. In the mean time the affair got whispered about the town, and the incensed populace to some five hundred strong made ready to "disturb the meeting." Several of the prominent citizens, fearing lest a serious row should follow, repaired to the marriage house, and while some kept the riot down by speeches and persuasion, others gained admittance to the colors. Allen, on being asked if he was married replied "No," but that he would be in a few minutes. He was remonstrated with, and told the consequences that he knew what was about—a was a free man in a free country, and should do as he pleased.

By this time the curtailed could be held still no longer, and the window curtains being drawn, the hero "saw and trembled" and cried for mercy. The damsel didn't faint, but at once consented to go home, and was hurried into a sleigh and driven off, while Sambo under disguise, and surrounded by Abolitionists, was hustled out of the crowd over to the Fulton House. The multitudes soon followed, eager and raving to grab the "nigger," but after a little, he was got away from the house, and it was stated several hundred slaves were bought up at Charleston, Va., for the southern market, and it was a stated several hundred dollars poorer than a moment before.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SCENE BY DROWNING, (AND SLAVE TRADING.)—A negro woman belonging to Drury Weaver, Esq., jumped into the water the night before last, with a child in each arm, and all three were drowned. Owing to her misconduct, her master had threatened to sell her, and she determined not to be sold. It is said that her husband had promised to end his existence in the same way, at the same time, but did not do so.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette.*

Thus the black cloud avoided the whirlwind, and thus ended "Another Rescue."

THE FULTON RESCUE. It was not Phillips' tavern at Fulton, we are told, where the negro Allen and Rev. Mr. King's daughter went for the purpose of being married. They went to the private house of the schoolmaster, whom the trustees summarily dismissed from their employment for the part he took. Good! The fellow went up to Phillips' from his private residence, instead of the Fulton House, as our first article stated.

Rev. Mr. King, we are also told, has not for nearly two years been pastor of the Wesleyan denomination at Fulton, but for three years previously he was. He now has a congregation just out of the village to whom he preaches stably, but professes to be a little more "independent," it is said, than the regular Wesleyans. He is (or has been until now) a sort of Gerrit Smith-like or ranting abolitionist, and has taught his daughter and preached to his congregation this McGrawville College doctrine of amalgamation, &c., never dreaming, we suppose, that the viper would turn and sting the bosom that nourished it.

We are happy to learn that this scarp has wretchedly carried their impotent malignity, that they have tabooed John P. Hale, because he was charged with being in favor of the erection of a monument to Henry Clay—they denounce Charles Sumner as being too amiable among the slaveholders of the United States Senate; and they repudiate all those faithless abolitionists who were weak enough to join in any of the public manifestations of regret for the death of David Webster. More than this—they are determined to strike at the very root of the evil. They have determined to abolish the churches of all denominations—to abolish the Bible—to abolish the principles of Christianity in which it inculcates; and to establish a new code of morals and religion, which shall recognize the entire exortines of slavery, and the duty of all men and all women of the North to rally to the extermination of it by fire and sword.

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The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript relates the following, as strictly true:—

A wealthy American merchant of the city of New Orleans, married a Creole lady of fortune, and with the estate and servants, there came into his possession a mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child of seven years. The gentleman was so much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the child, which had the purest Italian features and complexion, that he resolved to save it from the evil of degradation which was before it. He sent it and educated it. He sent her to a Northern school, where she remained until her sixteenth year, when she herself knew not to the contrary—so well had she been educated. Beloved by all her companions, the idol of the inmates, and caressed by every one, she left to return South, as she supposed to the "roof of her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman, who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by her, sought her hand on her return. The marriage day was fixed, the day arrived, when the mother, who had been long sojourned away in La Louche Interior, in order that she might never appear as a witness against her child, re-appeared in the bridal boudoir, in the very hour after the ceremony had been performed, claimed the magnificent and now miserable bride as her own daughter—a bond slave by birth, and an African by blood! The scene, as described by one who was present, surpasses the power of pen to portray. That night the bridegroom, after charging the adopted father of his bride with his gross deception, shot him through the body and disappeared, carrying, no one knew whither, his infamy and his bitter sorrows. The next morning the bride was found, a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had taken poison! Education, a cultivated mind and taste, which made her see and understand how great was her degradation, now armed her hand with the ready means of death. The unhappy planter recovered from his wound, and removed to the North where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion, the residue of his years embittered by the keenest regrets.

FACTS FOR MRS. STOWE.—The Paulding (Mississippi) Clarion, of a late date, gives us the following edifying particulars:

Mr. WHIPPLE, of Salem, thought if the U. S. Senate was to be censured, so important a master should be taken by yeas and nays, and he would therefore call for them on the question. The yeas and nays were ordered.

Mr. PRINCE replied that the order was not intended as a matter of authoritative censure, but as an emphatic expression of disapproval of the act which had been perpetrated.

Mr. WHIPPLE rejoined that he did not see what we had to do with the U. S. Senate Committee, any more than the individual members of this House had to do with the appointment of its committees.

Mr. PRINCE said that the point at issue should not be disputed. The Senator from Massachusetts had been excluded from the Committee by reason of his political sentiments, and the Senate by its action had openly availed.

Mr. SEAVEN, of Boston, asked if the remark that the Senator was not a member of any healthy political organization was not an individual opinion, rather than the direct expression of the Senate.

Mr. USHER, of Melford, said if he was satisfied that the exclusion of Mr. Sumner was solely from the alleged reason that he belonged to an unhealthy political organization, he would sustain the order, as he must respect the act of the Senate, under such circumstances, as an insult to Massachusetts.

Mr. THOMPSON, of Boston, wanted to know what authority there was for saying that the Senate had excluded the gentleman in question. He believed there was none, and he would move that the order be rejected.

Mr. PRINCE said the master was one of Congressional authority; and if a file of the *Globe*, the official paper, were at hand, he could probably turn to the record and date of the action of the Senate. Mr. Bright, of Indiana, chairman of the nominating Committee, reported the list of standing committees, openly announced this as the reason in his place in the Senate, and the action of that body was in keeping with the announcement.

Mr. THOMPSON rejoined that he had a high respect for the Senator while he occupied his elevated place as a gentleman of letters and law, and until a few years back, when he entered the arena of politics. He voluntarily went into that association, and doubtless expected to meet the rough and tumble of such a life. He knew, in going into the Senate, that a great majority of that body were opposed to him, and if he had been made to feel that his sentiments were obnoxious there, he knew not why he should make a noise about it.

Mr. PRINCE was surprised that the gentleman and his colleagues, the members from Boston, did not have some local pride in relation to this matter—that they did not feel that they themselves were treated with indignity, in the contumelious treatment of one of their own fellow-citizens and neighbors.

Shall we be tame, supine, indifferent, not daring to utter a word of manly protest, when the slave power flings taunts and derision in our faces?—when it tears its hydra head, and seeks to overawe and overrule us? It is not enough that the insolent demands of slavery have been complied with in the forcible recapture and return to bondage of poor Sis; when chains were placed about the Court House; when Faneuil Hall and other city property were perverted to the basest uses; when the day and night police of Boston were pressed

into the service of the pursuers—at a great expenditure of money from the city treasury—and all this to subserve the ends of commercial self-interest—that Boston merchants, many of them already vastly affluent, might trade quietly at Southern ports, and make more money, even though human rights were outrageously violated, and we were treated with scorn and defiance! And now, when in the highest legislative body in the nation, a Senator from this State is proscribed, for such a reason as that assigned, shall we pass the matter in silence? Have we nothing to say? Are we to sink lower in degradation? O, that we had some thing of the spirit that fired Boston three quarters of a century ago!

• Shall Massachusetts stand erect no longer, But stop in chains upon her downward way,

Thicker to gather on her limbs, and stronger, Day after day?

The Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a resolve or series of resolves, containing an emphatic expression of disapproval (in behalf of the people of Massachusetts) of the decision of the Senate towards Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, one of the Senators from this Commonwealth, in the intentional exclusion of his name from the list of Standing Committees of that body, for the alleged reason that he is not a member of a "healthy political organization"; thus proscribing, for political opinions' sake, a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and an enlightened and incorruptible patriot, and thus offering, virtually, an incentive to the part he took.

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